Challenge Accepted

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Summary: Robin said "My will is greater than your will and my magic is greater than your magic. That is why you will never be able to hex me." Tharja heard "Hit me with your strongest curse. I dare you."

Chapter 1: Challenge Accepted

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"I don't get it…You should be madly in love with me right now…"

It didn't make any sense. The hex Tharja put on Robin had been strong enough to make Sir Fredrick pine for his own mount (She *HAD* warned him forcing her into morning training would not go unpunished).

"The sex was good, but I'll pass on the *madly in love*," Robin donned his robe.

"Why? Why do none of my hexes work on you?"

"For the same reason that if Ricken got into a fist fight with Sully, his punches would do nothing to her body," Robin let Tharja mull that one over.

"You're saying I'm Ricken?" Tharja glared.

"I'm saying my will is greater than your will and my magic is greater than your magic. That is why you will never be able to hex me."

"I *WILL* hex you. Noire says that in the future, I hex you all the time."

"Noire says that in the future you hex her *Father* all the time," Robin clarified. "I don't recall her ever mentioning that was me."

"Of course you're the father!" Tharja insisted. "Who else would I ever give myself to?"

"Noire's blonde. You haven't figured out how this works yet?"

"NO! I do NOT wind up with Vaike!"

"…or Libra…"

"Don't be stupid. Two women can't make a baby."

"Libra's a man."

"LIBRA'S A MAN!?"

"Libra is indeed a man."

"…Well that's not so…NO!" Tharja still would not accept it. "It has to be YOU."

"Well this has been fun, but I must be going now." Robin took his leave. "Strategy meetings and what-not."

"I'M GOING TO HEX YOU!" Tharja called after him. "I'M GOING TO HEX YOU SO HARD!"

"You're certainly welcomed to try," Robin puffed his pipe and laughed as he left her tent.

Fifteen failed attempts later Tharja could come to only one conclusion: Robin was hexproof.

At first she thought she just needed an item of personal importance to hold power over him. This proved false, as not even scrapings from his snuff box (his most treasured possession, in Tharja's expert stalker opinion) had made the magnificent bastard do anything more than snicker and say "*What the hell was that supposed to be?*" when she hit him with turn-to-frog.

Next she thought that if his body was too resilient to be hexed directly, she might have better luck with a curse doll. She had taken a lock of his own hair to craft the voodoo puppet and dipped the hexing pins in his blood before putting them to work.

"Silly bitch; your curses cannot harm me. Don't you know who I ***AM***!?" Robin crowed as she examined him for signs of warts and boils.

"…" *Nothing.* Tharja screamed on the inside.

"You do know I'm packing enough spell resistance to no-sell Grima's Truth, right?"

"…Shut up…" Tharja stalked off.

Next she tried potions. It occurred to Tharja that Robin resisted magic by repelling spells directed against his body off his aura, and that this being the case, he might prove less invulnerable against magic imbibed willfully.

"…Tasty…" Robin glugged a cursed concoction and belched loudly. "Could be better. Needs whiskey."

"Are you feeling tired?" Tharja probed. "Nervous? Confused? Sweaty? Irritable?"

"Needs whiskey," Robin repeated and discarded the empty bottle.

After that Tharja had to get creative. She had no idea if stacking the various methods of strengthening hexes together worked any better than using one method alone. It probably didn't. But in the great spirit of ***fuck it; why not***, Tharja submerged her Robin doll in a potion of sickness and put an activation trigger directly on his pipe before cursing him with dysentery.

"*Ohhhhhhhh*…that one felt nasty…" Robin puffed thoughtfully. "What's it do?"

Tharja told him, and Robin belly-laughed like she had never heard him belly-laugh before.

"What's so funny?" Tharja glowered.

"Few men follow the path of both the warrior and the sorcerer," Robin answered. "Fewer still advance far enough down both paths to learn *Counter* AND T*omebreaker*. And I'm pretty sure I'm the only one who figured out you can combine them into a single skill to get *Spell Reflection*."

"What does that have to do with-*OH GOD!*" Tharja doubled over and spewed out of both ends, and Robin *BWAHAHA*-ed.

"GET IT OFF! GET IT—***BLARGHHHHHHHHHH!"*** Tharja vomited up breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

"So when you're wearing see-through leggings and you shit yourself, how does that work?"

"GET IT OFF!"

"Alright, alright…calm your devastated anus…" Robin lifted the spell.

"...No one is to ever know of this…" Tharja excused herself with what little dignity she had remaining.

Robin puffed and shook his head and walked away.

"Oh Robin. *Robinnnnn*," Tharja called for him in a sing-song voice that was too sickly sweet to be sincere.

"I have a war council to sit," Robin was late and Chrom was waiting. "If you're going to try and hex me again, make it quick."

"Oh *noooooo*. I'm done trying to hex you. In fact, I wanted to apologize. I made you this!" Tharja handed him a green, liquor filled beverage.

"…this is a potion of sickness…" Robin sniffed the magic out immediately. "Didn't you JUST try this spell?"

"*No-no-no*; its cucumber juice, mortared kale, and Plegian Vodka!" Tharja pressed. "It's REALLY good."

"Whatever…it's not like it can do anything…" Robin drank. "Oh wow. That IS good. I need to come up with a name for this."

"Do go on; don't let me keep you from your council," Tharja snickered. *Gotcha.*

"Stupid woman…trying to curse me with a potion of sickness…" Robin moved to attend his duties.

Chrom was displeased to find Robin tardy, but found his strategy impeccable as always.

"So when the griffons try to flank us on the northern front we're going to…" Robin's stomach rumbled violently, and he lost his train of thought. *Huh…that's alarming…*

"Are you unwell Robin?" Chrom voiced his concern. "You're sweating, and you look paler than usual."

"…Never better…" Robin clenched his sphincter. "So anyway, when the griffon's try to flank us on the northern front we're going to—*OH GOD!*"

Robin ran from the command tent and made it just through the opening flap before he explosively diarrhea-ed.

"Hahahaha hahaha!" Tharja was waiting for him and laughing her ass off.

"Damn it woman….what did you DO!? ***BLARGHHHHHHHHH!***"

"You said I would never be able to put a hex on you. And I realized you were right. *THEN* I realized that if I gave you something with a hex in it you would take it just to prove that you could—thinking that the hex was the dangerous part—never thinking that I would be trying to get you with something else."

"You ***POISONED*** me!?"

"…Poison…" Tharja scoffed. "As if I would ever stoop so low."

"How?" Robin moaned and groaned and shat himself anew.

"Sully told me about your seaweed. That wasn't mortared kale in your drink."

And with that, she left him to his wretching.

"Mother!" Noire caught up with her. "I heard there was trouble at the command tent. Is everything okay?"

"Everything is—wait—what did you do to your hair?" Tharja couldn't help but notice that something about her daughter was different.

"Oh; I stopped dyeing it."

"Dyeing it?"

"I started going blonde to look less Plegian after the Grimleal rose to power. My natural color is silver."

"…"

"…"

"…"

"…"

"Oh, this day is *FANTASTIC*!"